

The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,
 If we did not make somebody Poor;
 And Mercy no more could be,
 If all were as happy as we;
 And mutual fear brings peace;
 Till the selfish loves increase.
 Then Cruelty finds a share
 And spreads his barks with oars.
 He sits down with holy fears,
 And waters the ground with tears;
 Then Humility waxes his root
 Underneath his foot.
 Soon spreads the dismal shade
 Of Mystery over his head;
 And the Caterpillar and Fly,
 Feed on the Mystery.
 And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
 Ruddy and sweet to eat;
 And the Raven his nest has made
 In its thickest shade.
 The Gods of the earth and sea,
 Fought thro' Nature to find this Tree,
 But their search was all in vain;
 There grows one in the Human Brain.

